

Pen to Publish Contest 2019-short novel

HACKING THE PARADISE

By KRISH BHARADWAJ

AUTHOR OF OTHER FICTIONS
THEIR SHADOWS! THEY FEAR!
RED STAIN ON THE MYSTIC MOUNTAIN
FUGITIVE BARON.IN
CLASH OF ISMS.

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-Thanks

HACKING
THE PARADISE
9017 WORDS

CHAPTER : 1
EMPIRE BUILDING...

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May be thirty times, I was on the run in many countries in my life. That ancestral gene is completely in me- outlawed communities. In fact my dad used to say, laws are framed for the rich to rule and poor to obey or breach. Defying law and order was my favourite adventure. Time changed: I am in corporate structuring, with a paradigm shift of my original profession of global smuggling.

Tripathi Goel, my boss is proud with his huge mass and huge office set up and machinery. I am in another business complex. Our strategies are new and plots are thick, deep, undergoing changes every moment. God is not angry with us, now a days, as we decided no drug trafficking. But the customs officials are very displeased.

84 international instruments are legally approved by world bank and other financial agencies are our greenfield. Our team is trained and researched in hacking and breaching security codes or system. We amassed billions with these financial instruments. Work is executed in some border town of Gujrat or Kathmandu, but transaction will originate from the server of Pali or Bahama. Our crime sometimes untraced or sometimes criminals untraced or law is paralysed in those states, where criminals are tracked. We fathered super brain operations.

I have become an international financial wizard. This is not an empire, I built over night. Tripathi used to tell, there is nothing so thrilling to witness, when our smuggled goods cross the customs right royally. Even, Exiled President of Cameron or deposed Vice-president of Turkey were in our smuggling shipments. Government had blundered in calling smuggling as offense. It is an advanced technique of import and export, minus customs gates. Risk is high. But a flourishing trade

with fastest mode without red tapes. Customs or coastal securities, my foot!

Sometimes, I along with other friends worked as consultant of central ministers. We had a midnight club. After singing lullaby to our ministers, we will have our chicken 65 and bottle of beer from 11.00 pm to 02.00 pm in Karol Baug area. With my late to bed habit, I did my MBA. Our services are often required after 6.00 pm by the ministers. Our duties are match fixing on all deals. Law, unlawfully will be silent witness for our corrupt practices.

Among these moral nudes, how anyone can expect me alone be dressed in white? Coming all the way from Gorakhpur, I never made any promise to build an uncorrupted nation. If I had came with ideal, either I would have seen no entry board or or thrown out of Delhi border. An old government employee told "Do brush away all the old sayings. They originated from the thoughts which old man Gandhiji and his followers framed. Here are the new versions of mission of the nation. Survival of the fittest is no more a law of jungle: Now inclusive of 130 crores of people. Not only that, here, never stop your hunting, even when the stomach is full. Next year you will starve."

People are having trust on politicians. He is a god sent sinner. People started worshipping the evil deities, like Shani, Raghu and Kethu. Now they now believe that the evil effect of these planets can be wiped out by surrendering to them than searching for some other super god to save them from evil effects. If you still call this as rubbish ideas of a failed society, you are an idiot. Accept, Live with the ideas of flavoured from sewage, that is flushed with tonnes of currency - a divine aroma. Stop talking about nobility of your inner beauty. If you are ugly, you are ugly. Men don't walk around with Extra-sensory perception to see your inner sanctity or beauty. Yes, this purity of mind, purity of life are all sermons made now a days by men in saffron cloth with holy look. While preaching abandonment of wealth and search for soul these godmen have amassed thousands of crores of rupees, in black and white. Many are in jail now, that is climax of their tale.

Our Bar tender is our host many times to our midnight club. He himself is a conman of a few ministers. His speciality is to supply call girls to the high places. We saw this human traffic, right in the city of high security, with all low virtues. There is an impassionate response, if I talk to him. Sometimes justify that chastity and virtues are religious interruptions and aberrations of sexual impotents. The same ancient society revelled with dancing girls and slept with prostitutes. The culture of Devadasi system in the ancient life. High society demands are exceptionally high class prostitutes. This city never ran short of the supply chain. I was also occasionally in demand chain. Talk on human virtues will go for ever, but will be silent in nights.

It was late night. I switched on my royal Enfield and kick started. Suddenly someone sat behind me, heavily breathing, held me tight. An young lady, half naked and fully drunk. Her face was close to my chin. Her lips was repeating, "Impotent bastard, eunuch, he wants me to rub him all night to rouse." Beautifully carved angel in the bright road light. She was pushing me, 'Please move, please.' I saw somebody is running in the dark lane towards us. Someone is following her-may be the pimps? My engine fired as I raised my throttle. She held me tight. Her vanity bag was on my petrol tank: Bundles of currencies is seen from half closed zip.

She was marvellously sexy and beautiful. May be, some model or TV actor or some kind of high priced products of the big sex market. I did not want to her grip to be lost, that is raising my blood circulation. Vehicle picked up the speed. The cold breeze was falling on her face. She as holding me tight and I can realise that she is drunk. Her movements were heating me up by every jerk. At the same time, I was alert. Delhi police petrol, if they find, I will land in a graveyard of iron doors. Worst beggars, their treatments will be different. I avoided the roads, where barricades are erected. In fifteen minutes I reached my area.

Another two kilometres, I hit on her hip and asked where she wants to go. "Go anywhere! Cann't I sleep in your nest?"

After a few seconds, she giggled, “will your wife slap you?” I smiled.

“Staying alone, am I correct? Then why you are afraid? I will not rape, Mr.” She was merrily laughing and the vodka smell reached me.

“How many pegs?” I asked her

“That dirty bastard, some corporate CEO, seventy plus, that old dog gave me one glass of gin. When my attention was diverted, he poured Vodka or Brabourne in that: Rotten boozier. Had I put my foot on his throat one more minute, his photo will be in Obituary column to-morrow.”

Her talk, her giggle and aroma all were tempting and kicking. It was driving me to ecstasy. Girls were not new to my apartment. But this one is like a fallen angel from the red light heaven! Without disturbing the sleeping security I Parked the vehicle. I took my jerkin and covered her. We moved to the apartment in second floor. She looked around and humming some song. But, will she pull me down, with a rape case? Some- Me too!

“Fine now, don’t fear, I will not pull you down. Promise, Mr.?” I was shocked.

I smiled, “Do you collect all name and ID proof before sleeping with any one?”

“Then can I call you Maharana Prithiviraj. He rescued Queen Samykta in his horse? By the by, your horse is also excellent”. She meant my Royal Enfield. I took a bottle of cold water and took a sip and gave it to her. After a few gulp, she came to full sense and went to wash basin to wash her face.

“I’m Mukul dev, How come you were near the minister’s bungalow?”

“Know my name, that is sufficient. I am Anu, Anupama Yajurvedi. By position, we are human relation executives or liaisons in a corporate. By profession, we have to entice the high society men, ministers, government officials and some times foreign dignitaries: Professional Honey traps. Per visit

one lakh rupee. What these guys cannot ask his wife to do or what his wife's refuse to do, we have to fulfil. All sex starved animals. We are revitalising physicians."

"Enough I want to quit, even if these gangs of my corporate, try to blackmail or torture me to go back, I will not." Her eyes moisturised. I was tempted to wipe, I controlled. To believe her or not to believe, I never enter into such mental dialogue with women. Time 01.30 a.m. She is not going anywhere, nor I was in a mood to be more pious than sensuous. I opened the cub board and gave her one set of night dress. I was tired and went to bed. She came and slept beside me. Morning when I woke up, it was almost 9.00 a.m. I was suddenly shocked to see someone moving in my cottage. I recollected and observed with half closed eye. I saw her neatly dressed after bath, her lips were reciting some stotras or mantra and praying before god. With pious look she was more beautiful. Her eyes turned towards me and smiled. My god! I fell for it. I finished my brushing and started my exercise in the tread mill. "Six pack, macho man!" someone commented in a soft tone. I scented an aroma of coffee and she was standing close to me.

"Mukul, can I ask you a favour?" I thought some money.

"Can I stay with you for few days? It is wrong to demand. Still some instinct, I felt I can be safe with you?" Her look was somewhat throbbing.

I smiled, "the same thing I wanted to ask you, I live alone, hollow life. Fine, stay happily."

Her eyes were dazzling with an inexpressible joy came close and kissed my cheeks.

"Anu, you said Aruratha Yajuvedi, who is this Yajuvedi?" The butterfly in me was telling that that guy shall not come as some shit husband.

She lifted her eye brow and gazed at the roof, "my dad, long back."

I felt a nice cool, sweet drink flow in my oesophagus.

‘Can we go and bring a set of clothe from my residence?’ her ring tone heard.

I nodded. I took the car and we reached her apartment. It was a joint for three or four ladies. She came back after fifteen minutes: Two trollies. We went to the house of Dadnekar, my colleague. Secretly, I asked him, how she is.

“Master piece!”

Suddenly he asked, “Bobby, can we have nice tea?”

Both were shocked- bobby. But with a soft smile she glanced at me to see my reaction. I did not know, why my heart did receive that with a pleasant tune. Dadnekar was little bit puzzled.

Her watery eyes looked at me with melancholy and pain. I assured her. We are coming to know each other, now. I took her hand and pressed it with warmth. I saw the small shade of agony in her eyes -slowly vanishing. She is not leaving me in a few days, in a few weeks. I looked at my palm, is my line of fate changing?

Chapter 2

ROLLING in WEALTH

As CEO of Tripathi Groups, a consultant for international finance, I dominated Delhi lobbies. My seven years experiences as top level international smuggler, hawala trader, dealer in tax haven, wizards in international financial instruments – gave a market prominence. Qualitatively I react to any crisis with lightning speed. Never allow my temper dominate or courage dimmed. Mind remined as observatory, revolving 360 degrees always. Business automatically flooded in. I remember, occasions when I took a spark decision to leave the baggage worth of seven crores rupees -cocaine under sea and crossed across international sea limit to escape from the coastal guards. It was never recovered from the ocean. Two crores worth of gold, I left in the cabin of customs official, walked out, before his brain works. My identity was

kept confidential, till my treasure hunting fields started changing.

Now I am dynamic business magnet amidst the chambers and industrial complex. Still I skip parties and visit of high level delegations. Useless jobs of incompetent VIP gangs, with a brand name- Corporate leaders. Making rotten speech prepared by their MBA team, repeat hundred times. Pseudo smiles and hallow laughter, clap with herd, fake appreciations- all gutters, waste materials as lectures, nobly presented and published- as a great vision for the future. I put my fist into my throat to control my comments.

Even my boss loved my image. His gangs started warning him against my growth. He once told us. "Hi. Write your destiny, yourself, do not allow others to put their nib in that. Others jealous, but I am proud."

Ministers too realised this growing empire. Slowly, they changed the venue to my complex to complete the deals. Minister chamber was able to complete his deals with his last Midas touch. In New Delhi, If we call the client to come to high places, like minister's chambers, big corporate offices, posh hotels and club houses, your business is half done. My excellence in the project preparations and getting FDI and External Commercial Borrowings, created large circle of corporates. I called this turnkey projects. Funds came in different routes, none questioned.

Boss called me. "Mukul, our international smuggling is more honourable profession. Here all these fellows are sucking all the tax money of people and sending them to their godowns abroad, in daylight. I feel bad to eat money of our people."

I smiled, "Boss, wipe out that sentiment. That is your conscience, it will spoil your business opportunities."

My boss, Tripathi Goel was part of North block of the government. His role is to execute and exercise invisible orders. If there is a scandal and Auditor general says it is around Rs.5000 crores: We are sure that 10% had already fallen in our coffer. Similar Lesioning agencies, contemptuously called 'Dalals'- are more than 290 or so.

There performance style and operational models are different. Some deals on the cut in the tender. Some run honey traps and women trafficking alone. Some are agencies for supari shooters. Some are hawala experts. Many times, by the blunders committed by our men, some will be forced to taste Tihar Jail. But, they will be conducting new recruitment among the convicts. Tripathi heads an Anarchic corporate, with no annual returns filed, nobody dared to question. Huge balances at Hong Kong and Switzerland are major centre of his empire. Latest-Abu Dhabi- Saudi Arabia. I clean my stable often.

"I know, I married a ghost. Ghosts give orgic pleasure. But I live and will die in its custody, any day. It is written, because for many men I wrote the same line on their forehead." A spark of anger refracted from his eyes. He is a Frankenstein monster.

"At least, will you be with me?" Both myself and Dadnekar went close him. We hugged him. "Boss, we have scant respect for these bullions, crores of money and big position in the society. You brought us up. We were with you. And we will be with you, rest of our life."

Tripathi responded with warmth. "yes, boys, you need not be with me, rest of your life. Be with me rest of my life, that is too short. What we are- holy saints or sorcerers- do not do a research. Those who are posing themselves as patriotic leaders, are traitors: whom mass believe as saviours, are not sacrosanct. They are sophisticated criminals. People have faith and elect them. Better stop our search for truth. 1948, that ended with Gandhi. 2019-we need not hold his stick, and turn to be a hypocrite. You have 234 employees and spiral 25000 business associates in our corporates. We will destroy them, if we go for research. My gangster corporate has got 23 sub-offices and 3000 mafia forces around the nation. With me, against me, obey orders to kill, plot to finish me at any time. Gangster world has got different fiendish values and immoral thesis. If devils wants to replace god's divinity-god will not like."

Chapter 3

ANYWHERE

MOVING BILLION

Two days after, Tripathi called me and told that Central Minister wants to meet us on Wednesday.

In entrance he was waiting. He looked at me. Boss responded, "He is Mukul, his brain executes all foreign transactions."

I looked at my wrist watch, while entering the hall. Instead of joining them in their office table, I started moving round the hall and office. Minister was looking at me irritatingly. Excusing myself, I went out of home and sent an SMS to my boss. "Hall, office all wired. No discussion."

He forwarded to minister. He turned pale. Without showing any expression, boss talked to him on the wall painting and about his new car. Minister was excited and told him, to see the BMW X6 with a speed limit of 240 k.m. and 2949 cc is so amazing to drive. Both of them came out. Boss took the mobile of minister and asked me to call. After a few minutes, I disconnected. Boss told that the mobile talks are taped. He shouted, "Am I tracked?"

"Yes sir, most of the ministers are under surveillance. Don't react. Keep all your private discussions outside. Keep three or four mobiles and multiple sims?"

"My own friend is in this field. Seventy two MP's houses he has done. How we detect, we will not reveal. After we leave, you can find seven microphones, we have traced."

"But, I discussed all my political issues, financial matters in that hall?"

Minister sab, what you did nothing can be undone. Tomorrow, You will receive a call from a 12 years boy seeking some job and money for his education. Ask your wife show compassion and tell him to clean the house. He knows how to track the wires, micro phones and router and server. He will disable them and fix trackable device once someone try to redo it. Send him with One lakh cash in cover. His name is Ajit sadhu Singh, super brilliant. See this photo-verify: his mobile

number will end with 4333. Directly will come here. His job is very risky and do not expose and endanger the boy. This is third assignment. The vulture gang will kill him, if they come to know."

"Goel, there is a shuffling in the cabinet in next two months. I may be dropped. I want you to transfer at least three to four billion dollars to a Swiss account. So far two lakhs dollars you shifted. Speed up"

"Call your wife to join us. She shall also understand us. It is a joint account." A beautiful lady with a smile introduced herself.

Suddenly she turned and asked, "How did you get seventy crores for a jewellery group at Cannauate place? How- 120 crores you sent to Illinois, through some corporate?"

I laughed, "so, I am also in spied list-good?"

"There are hundreds of loopholes. Money paid to or income earned by MNC corporates goes out by way of India's administrative expenses, or inflated bills on overseas operations, transfer pricing or under invoicing of goods with a huge margin in pricing. . Once these surpluses goes to international market, that can be shifted anywhere to any person. Nobody is on your tail."

"Is it not unethical?" his wife asked.

"What is ethical and not ethical or honesty or cheating - is not our job to interpret, government acts as holy saint. Government cannot call us a fraudster. System is built with prefabricated holes and frailts ? Hacking rules without ethics is a small deviation and no sin rests."

"Sir, these margins circulates in trillions, blessed with all holy interpretations. We export a box full of granite jelly as precious stone, with invoice of ten to twelve crores. We send it to Dubai or Thailand or Portugal or Tanzania- anywhere. Someone pay and remit their hawala money as- bills honoured. Money lands here without any hurdle. More stones go before election in thousand crores. Caravans passes on."

“My god, how government is darkness?” Minister’s wife exclaimed.

“All governments are part of these operations. Party funds moves in and out. There are 2130 individuals investors and corporates are having their trade office in one building building at Mauritius. One is ours.”

“What solution you suggest for me, Mr.Mukul?”

“that is a right question. I will confine.”

“Sir, You have four plus four corporates with seventy eight branches. You have twenty four corporates in addition with your minority share holdings. They are also under your control. Am I right?”

Minister was totally silenced. His wife was observing, as though she is seeing the dawn first time.

“Sir, we are buying a new software similar that of SAP or ERP from a software corporation from Netherland. You are moving all your companies and subsidies to new generation core corporate software domain. With Netherland company we sign the contract. You will remit cost of software and for installation, training and maintenance. Your remittance will be to Asia-Netherland Software Architectures. ANSA Limited. Account in Bonn Zurich Bank, Switzerland.”

Minister was curious. “What is it to do with my Swiss Bank?”

His wife turned to her husband, “Savarji, Please do not interfere. Let us understand the whole operation. Hear patiently?”

Minister nodded his head. I understood, he will do the same till the meeting is over.

“This software company is an old establishment from 1999, the pioneer in developing software for FOREX trade. Their list of clients are huge financial giants like Cains, Fidelity, Omega and so many. ANSA lost their contracts. But use these names in website. I have purchased the company for my operation. Your family will buy shares worth of forty thousand dollars from me and you will be the new investor in that Netherland based

corporation as director. This company account is now in Zurich. Board will pass resolution to dilute our share and transfer with a clause that you will be inducted as one of the director. Your share transfer will be intimated to Netherland ministry of corporate affairs and other stock market agencies. Shares transfer will not reflect till next AGM. We hide your presence for the time being. We are transferring money as Purchase of Software for government information and not as parking, which is having lot of hurdle."

Minister's wife calmly asked, "Please a clarification. Why should we hide our share holding?"

Mukul smiled, "Good, now with bi-lateral agreement of disclosure of Indian investors, government of India can obtain details of any deposit or investment of Indian citizens, companies or trust. If Indian officials try to download company details from Netherland Stock Exchange site or Corporate affairs site, it will only release director's shareholding pattern with names. Any clarification?"

Minister was spell bound to find that Mukul is making a miracle of movement of his money before the eyes of government authorities in a sly manner. His wife was doubly impressed.

Sir, your website and project reports will be remodelled with an excitement on this migration to new technology. Seventy page complete description of the software is in hand. Your department heads will certify and agree to customise the same after trial. For your official records, they will land in India and three months it will be installed and customised. You now transfer \$ 7.25 billion, with all RBI formalities.

"Idea is brilliant, will it work ? Our auditors are..."

"Mukul, do not waste time with blocked heads, get up" Tripathi got up.

"Sorry, I am sorry, Tripathi, don't get angry. The concept your boys explained is out of bounce for my brain. Fine, now. Keep this one crore cash and start all the process."

We moved out of his mansion.

“Why boss, this man is in a panic. Why this 10 billion dollar movement?”

“This guy secretly tried to rope up some MPs support for PM post, thinking that there will be a court investigation and verdict on the Rafael deal. Unfortunately, the whole charges were buried fathom deep. This minister meets the curse for his sins. They are slowly poisoning his career. His days are numbered. They are predators.”

“Then why should we risk?”

“What bloody language, you are talking? Where, we did not face risk in past assignments? Are you afraid- my son?” He was laughing.

Tripathi after two minutes spoke, “After all, entire investment is coming in the name of our Netherland corporate”. I understood the thoughts flow of our boss.

CHAPTER 4 PLEASURE

HERE WORLD OF

“Hi, what is this, making a mess of my apartment?”

“Mukul sab, your home, was it so clean, have I made mess?”

“I am a bachelor- I keep my home in any manner.”

She started laughing, “bachelor-still you claim after yester night?”

I looked her. You are not going anywhere. It has become repeated voice inside me. Mrs. Anuratha Yajuvedi going to be Anuratha Mukul. I am imagining? She came close to me, her body seducing smell is felt by me, looked at my eyes

“I am not going anywhere, anytime, Mukul.”

Her dreamy eyes are magnetising me. While holding her close I entered in a paradise where never I had been. Her giggle is heard as ripple of the water canal water in midnight silence.

“What! Shelly, some poetic imagination?” She was hissing in my ears.

O God! She is reading my mind, my thoughts, I never felt so deep emotional attachment to any girl in the past. Why? Only, eight days over.

"I said do not read my mind. If some blue film runs, you will feel bad."

"Not an issue, as long as the heroin is myself." Her mirth and gaiety are marvellous.

"Darling, do you have passport?" She looked at me with an amazed wide eyes.

"Yes, Mukul, but that is with that bastard, he has taken from me"

Suddenly she recollected, " I have a photo copy in my mobile."

"Then post it to me".

Looking at it, " that's a cute school girl, where are you?"

Laughingly responded, "That is me. I went to London with my aunt?"

"Diana, your mother in law! Queen Elizabeth?" She threw the book at me.

In twenty minutes Dadnekar entered. "Hi, Bobby, your chicken fry and fish masala are super."

" How do you know?"

"I am a super Doberman. A Police dog do sniff food items from one or two feet, but I do from one kilometre."

"Dad, stop praising her man, she is yet to say, " I love you, to me."

"So, still you make love..." in low voice he muttered and I shut his mouth and slapped on his head. Dadnekar took a small box with two rings from his pocket and told us to exchange. Mukul was taken by surprise and he hugged his friend.

"Now Lunch, Is It fine, all over. I am hungry" Dadnekar ran into the kitchen started biting the cashew cake. Mukul came near Anu, she was crying.

She was looking at the wall. My dad used to be prohit in marriages. He used to tell the value of seven steps mentioned in Yajur Veda. He wanted me to be sit on wooden plank with my bride and he wanted to spell the Mantra.

“O my lady, To live without any separation, till we reach our old age and to have our descendent, I hold your hands .Devas like Bahan, Aryaman to maintain the responsibility of family system, they have gracefully given you to me. Hey! Saraswathi to do my duty you shall help me”

The important sacred act is the Sapthpathi or seven steps. Actually, in the marriage wife is Laskmi avatar and husband Mahvishnu. So the recital goes like this.

“Vishnu to give you feeds- you take the first step. To realise his strength- you make the second step, to your atonement third step, for your happiness fourth step, for your cows fifth step, for your seasons sixth steps, for your yagnas seventh step”

These mantras will continue with a prayer that “you shall be like Arunthidi wife of the saint Vasishta, who is in the Saptharishi mandala- seven stars in the sky.”

His dream is dead. Realities forced me to kill my dreams.” Every drop of tears flowing on her angelic face was thrashing my heart. I kissed her and calmly told. “It will not be far off, with theVedic chants, we marry. I assure; No tears. I do want to see an eternal smile.”

Dadnekar was astonished by her fluency in Sanskrit. His friend is turning to be a melting stone.

“Hi, Dad, I have posted one Pass port copy of Anu and I want new passport to be made in What’s app. You prepared the police complaint, their B report and new passport. One more job. Apply for visa to Schengen countries.”

“Great Romeo, am I in that trip or next plane?”

“Dad, we combine our business and my honeymoon. Secondly, she is going to join in our operation. She will be our director in one of our companies. What you think?”

“No, stop, Why not status of wife?” Anu’s tone was so painful.

“Darling, please, we have to register the marriage. Carry the certificate for Visa. No time, we go as business partner with different company positions. Please remain as Anu Yajurvedi. I can be hard core bachelor, Mukul Dev in a same room and in same bed. No one will come and ask, how can you dine or sleep with a bachelor- in Swiss. We have not formulated, where to include you, but we want you to be in the huge deal. Is it fine?” She smiled.

“ We are completing our Rs.750 crore transaction in five days. We are inducting two share holder director and one or two independent director. Lady director is fine, you know well. We are creating your past as our companies marketing executive. Is it O.K?”

“O Lord! In everyone’s life there is a miracle. It is Mukul’s or Anu’s. Anyway, our new corporate at Netherland will have a most charming director.

O! Almighty, god of gods, Some guy gets his better half, enjoy the beauty of Alps and for me you reserve, no off, but load of work. All the torture of the earth is to carefully to upload 213 documents. What sin I committed?”

CHATER 5

EITHICS OF HOLYMEN

That morning, I sat with the auditors of the minister. May be fourth sitting. They talked to me as though they are holding a holy grail in their hands. Rajhamsa, Vishnu sastri and Kailash, all big ass, gave a lecture on their professional integrity. They lectured me how the new norms has come. Digital Signature is used to certify each and every document, they certify. I was wondering what is the difference between penned signature and digital in law. Intolerable, pseudo intelligentsia. Doctors, Lawyers and these Chartered Accountants, all the

three category, who never allows others to enter in their territory-wild animalism.

Eight companies, twentyseven minority share holdings files were with me. I told them clearly, that the balance sheet of 2019-2020 and AGM shall be worded with appropriation of Rs. 400 crores for modernisation and migration to new architecture in the whole system. The resolution, even though not necessary, I wanted to make it pucca by passing it in the general body. Remaining Rs.350 crores can be deducted on the current capital expenditure. Amortisation of all these expenditures for next five years was projected. The holding company can transfer the funds, in two consignments to the Netherlands based Software company in twenty days. Auditors, with their natural instinct came with their objections. I controlled my irritation. Minister looked at me with a plea. Resolution shall be dated day after to-morrow as AGM is confined to a very few share holders.

“Mr. Rajahamsa, I don’t enter into any argument. You are not holy cows, without blunders and fake entries. Mr.Rajahamsa, you three have transferred Rs.14 crores to your private firms. Did enforcement director ask you how non-trading audit companies have been awarded so much from the company incomes? Can I speak more?”

“In Savarji Associates, your claim of Agricultural income for Rs.2390-00 crores is actually cash crop purchase and sale-taxable. Anytime he is in trouble with ED. Do you want me to dig three years financial analysis-more?”

“No Sir, Your project is perfect sir” Kailash, another Chartered Accountant shiveringly nodded.

“No, if I ask You who shall be more intelligent, thief or police? What will be your answer? Naturally police, correct?” He nodded his head.

“Not so, the thief, original thinker, who takes highest risk amidst the secured zone, perform his excellence, leaves least evidence and makes a huge profit in one stroke. I am a thief.”

“Please open your mail Mr. Rajahamsa. Waste no time- do you hear me? I have posted the whole audit report of the software and list of companies that have already installed and cost of competitive firms. Two, Permissions to be obtained from the Nitiayog, Income Tax, RBI, Commerce Ministry are all listed- upto seven. Part eight your certifications and recommendations. Part nine contract between your company Savarji, Tripathi associates and the ANSA Nederland based company. Ten, Savarji Group agreement to buy the new generation migration software, including installation and training of employees. Eleven and twelve all compliances and their company accounts and details. Anything more you need?”

Rajahamsa was really nervous and red faced. Over night, this bastard is documenting and shaking my foot. Bloody bastard most sophisticated brilliant criminalised professional. He was running short of objectives.

“Yes sir, will be done, sir.” Low voice came. Even Minister was astounded.

Minister accompanied Mukul to his car. “Mukul, I even did not know what these appropriations and transferring of profit or draining it out. But how come you were able to do over two nights.”

“Savarji, you want the truth? I took copies of all the company balance sheet, notes, for the past three years from Income tax department in twelve nodes. 17 staff were entrusted to study and report to me. We had a marathon meeting of 4 hours to analyse. Head of my team is two senior clerks from Enforcement directorate. Two days fees for the team is One lakh per head. I spent 32 lakhs in this process. Thanks, you have given me affront.”

“Mukul, if the software is not supplied, what will happen to my credibility. Will I not face some market remark and even in the company circle?”

“Pay a cash of three crores to a company I recommend at Hyderabad. Asia-Netherland Software Architectures, is called ANSA LIMITED , in short form. Andhra Network and Software

Architectures, ANSA LIMITED. Indian company is tied up with Netherland company. Be confident, you will really find that your operations will excel any software products of Oracle, SAP and other best business enterprises. We have installed and tested.”

Seventh day, Rajahamsa informed, that Income Tax clearance is stalled, as they feel that Rs.750 crores investment is a hype and over invoiced. I reached the minister and Rajahamsa was sitting with a brim of pride, that he has pulled me down. I know the game. I called the Chief Income tax commissioner, “Sir, will you check up, why this file is not cleared.”

He said, “Five minutes, Who has signed the objection, Please show me.”

I clicked the signature of the Income tax officer in WhatsApp. He handed over the paper to his assistant and sent me a draft letter in WhatsApp . I called the minister’s steno and dictated a letter. I told her, that this letter shall be addressed to the Jawahar Mandal, Chief Commissioner of Income Tax in personal name and the copy shall go the Ward C4/2 Asst commissioner, who has signed this objection.

Rajahamsa was nervous. “Sir, you have to respond to the objections of the Asst commissioner and as an appeal to the Commissioner sir.”

I looked at him with contempt and continued to dictate. Message came, “cleared”.

“Hi, Dad, ask Harish Rao, to come to-morrow morning. It is already late. I am leaving just now Savarji’s residence.”

“ Yes sir, it is 5.30 pm: Too late sir, bloody loafer. You used to start the dinner at 12.30 am to 1.00 am and go to bed 3.00 am. So late-go?” from the other side Dad was loudly laughing.

My heart sensed that someone is calling me. Mystic experience of transcended sense told me that she is waiting. When my car entered the complex, I saw her waiting at the window. Eyes dazzled, when she saw me.

“You called me ? But no call in moble” I asked.

She put the hand on his shoulder, "Telepathy is not telecom. Perhaps the ESP waves are reaching you wherever you are. That is my bliss."

"Hi, what is this crab? Voodoo magics or snake charming."

"Beyond that! You will learn more and more" she softly leaned on me. I am slowly entering into the gates of an unseen paradise. A world without her may be a scorching desert.

CHAPTER 6

LAW, MY FOOT!

"So, Harish Rao, some new business concept, untraded path, impossible idea. Without that you will not land here?"

Harish Rao is an evil financial prodigy with all multi-crore planning and conceptions. Wonderful story teller on hundreds of financial instruments around the world. Dadnekar calls him researcher of financial underworld. He will speak on regulation to tell how it can be breached before the eyes of the authorities. His profound belief is every government frame rules with big hole for moles.

So specialised in fake IT returns for banks, shell companies and billions of benami transactions. He will raise two crores turn over company to thirty crores and create a profit of six crores for a loss-making company. 27% GST goods will be sold with 5% GST payment. A partner, he has, Vihas Mahajan, his master brain: Brilliant banker, he used to buy bank director post or high level committee member position from the government and sell it to Ex-government officials, chartered accountants, financial wizards. Some of bank and government corporate MDs are his nominees. Price tag differs. Some have to shell down at least ten to 50 crores. The bribers will not lose this amount. Huge loan proposals, large contracts tenders will be rooted through Vihas Mahajan. His nominee directors and government board members will push them through. Mahajan will share his reward. Their early kickbacks will be refunded to them in two transactions. Mahajan will make all his clients so

rich. But no grievance will be left by him in those million dollar scams.

I casually met Mahajan in Delhi Airport. He gave me another hint on his trade.

“ Have you ever heard of Safe Keeping Receipts another tradable instrument. Selectively you will be able to pledge this, when you run short of assets and raise a loan-I explain. You are aware that a huge precious antiques and gold idols or diamonds are being smuggled to west. Many of them do not go for auction or purchase. They are taken to Panama, Cayman Island, Italy or even to some banks in USA and securitised. These banks issue Safe Keeping Receipts for the value. These SKR are transferable and mortgageable as SBLC in many MNC banks.”

“My god, even stealing and smuggling are legalised?”

I rescued from him on hearing a call for security check for Singapore Air lines to Jawa.

Chapter 7

MONEY

WITH CHARITY! MINT

“Mukul can I come to your office; a fantastic dealing?” Mahajan was there in ten minutes.

“Mukul, really there is huge cut in the recently modified Company Social Responsibility fund. We can make at least fifty to hundred crores in each transaction. I have already located huge trusts, which are having 12A to receive donations. Any donation under 80G of IT Act allow tax rebate. I also have a scientific research institution which can also be funded under 35(i) (ii) of Income tax act, in the same pattern. 100% tax exemption. CSR trust funds are fat beef. It is holy and it is gluttony.

“Then what is the problem?” Dad asked him, “Why no donor is there?”

“No donor comes without kick back of 60%.”

In every corporation this Corporate Social Responsibility fund is separately appropriated and kept under a trust. These directors while donating to the charitable trust, demands a pay back of 50% or 60% in cash to them personally.. They called it -U turn.

“I do not get you. Give a presentation.”

Charitable Trust of religious institutions or NGO with 12 A and 80G, do submit a project to X, CSR trust for Rs.200 crores. CSR funds group after verification of documents do sanction Rs.200 crores. There are several thousands of bogus/trues charities all over India of all religions, accommodating similar donations Rs.100 or 500 or 50 crores.

Now the game starts. CSR group wants the Charitable trust or NGO groups, their associate or trustees themselves to load Rs.100 crores to Angadia in cash or hold black money in cash. This too in the joint name of the remitter and some other receiver name given by the CSR trust.

CSR trust group, once they see the money in Angadia, they will immediately remit Rs.100 crores as direct investment to the account of the person or corporate which loaded the black money in Angadia and hundred to charitable trust or NGOs.

Rs.200 crores drawn by the CSR directors.. Half will go to religious trusts. Half will go to investment. Equal amount will be U turned to the trustees of CSR funds, shared by brokers, government authorities and directors of the CSR funding company. We mediators get 20%.-sourced by the Angadia stock. So, all are happy as the movie ends.”

“Right now what you want me to do. You want black money hoarder, is it not?”

‘Ho! That is right!’

“See Mahajan, your project will undergo one more scrutiny, tomorrow. We are holy cows, with pure milk. Maradia, is your investor, got it? If it is fool proof, we can ask her to involve directly. Ratio, cash movement and other formalities are to be settled with her. One thing, you shall remember. We are nowhere in this deal-got it? Secondly, if your guys play any

cranky game, you will running nude race in the Delhi street, chased by her gang. Is it fine?"

Raman Gowtham, Birj and Jover-where are they? Mahajan looked at the face of Harish kept silent for a few minutes. "If your scheme is defective at one spot, your penalty will be expensive. Tihar jail chamber will be reserved."

"What the hell happened to them-kidnapped?"

"Let me pour the whole episode. Let me have my coffee first."

"Three are in jail- CBI enquiry. All the three together did a brilliant scam."

"You know that there is huge amount of deposits of government departments, LIC, Boards, private corporates, in hundred and two hundred crores. It may altogether exceed five lakh crores, all over India. There is a big racket in every state. Our guy, Brij Patel had some contact with Ahmedabad. One Steel corporation was facing bank attachment. Brij Patel promised to get that property released. Earlier, he used to collect half a percent of commission from banks for canvassing large Fixed deposits: Share with government officials or corporate executives. Mere transfer from A bank to B bank bored them with pittance.

They invented a brilliant concept. When the FDs mature and shifted to other banks through RTGS, the new banker used to issue FD receipt to the government department. Here the game starts. Original will always be couriered through some agent. The agent takes a color copy in a special paper and handover that duplicate to department. Maturity date will always be after one or two years.

Next, the gang will produce a forged resolution from the same government department to the bank to open a current account. Then another resolution raising a loan 90% against the FD and to credit to the current account. The gang is equipped with department seal and now cheque book. They will transfer the current account amount to some distress borrower. 20% of the loan amount do go to the gang as commission, mostly by cash. The borrower has got to remit

the FD loan interest to the bank. Otherwise it will result in exceeding of loan limit. Year end the loan shall be reimbursed. FD receipt from the government department will be submitted and credited or will once again be renewed.”

“Then, what has gone wrong?”

“Mukul, within this 11 months period our Ahmedabad fraudster did not repay his loans. He transferred his fund to some African bank account. There too, he withdrew and escaped. His last address was South Africa, that’s all. Now CBI entered. Borrower is the first accused-escaped. All guys involved in these transactions including an AGM of the bank are behind bars. Brij is the master mind and naturally he is the second accused. CBI finds no evidence linking our group till date. Not even thumb impression. But, our guys are still in prison.”

Dadnekar looked at my face. I told him that this is possible and several thousand crores are being syphoned under this plot. I explained to him that Centur bank gave thirty crores loan against the FDs of NRI with or without their consent to their favoured clients. Terms were that they will pay 3% percent over the FD to account holder and 2% more in cash to executives.

“Let us go for lunch, come on Harish-join”.

CHAPTER 8

UNKNOWN ENEMIES

Fourteenth day, we flew in Swiss Air and landed in Zurich.

“Sir, Mr.Mukul?”

“Yes”

“Raddison Bloom International Travel service”

We three got into the car. 8 hours travel strain was seen in Anu.

I told the driver, "please go to Indian Palace Restaurant. Then move to Raddison."

Having enjoyed the morning breakfast, we moved to Raddison. Anu was in the wonderland. Hundred times her lips murmured. What a serene, beautiful, unbelievable, heaven on earth. I loved her excitement. I know, she will be turning mad with the exquisite wonder of the world. Several times we had come over to Zurich. We had seen the natural wonder. But, to-day, it is like a paradise slipped from the heaven. She roused my emotions to ecstasies.

"Bobby, how is Zurich?"

"Dad, I had, by default, fallen on the surface of a paradise. I am in trances in day and my nights in honeyed dreams." I was stunned by her poetic rhythm. My god, He had done an injustice to her, unpardonable. I will not allow it anymore.

"My god, when poet longs to define you, you yourself is a born bard: Wonderful". Mukul was silently musing.

"Bobby there is no sound from the other fellow, Check up, has he consumed opium? Bobby, enjoy shopping. You are billionaire. Director of a large company at Netherland. Your international card is loaded with 40000 Swiss Franc. Emperor, donor is leaning on your shoulder."

They reached the room. Radisson Bloom, wonderful structure and suit. Anu was totally exited. But till evening Dadnekar and myself were in a total business discussion and at seven suddenly we planned to go for dinner. In fifteen minutes, I hired a Volvo car and after dinner, I told Anu to pack her things.

It was twilight. Sun was visible. I told her that the night will fall only after 12-00 pm and so we can reach Alps in two hours. We went to resort and we had a sensational night in the lap of the splendorous creation of nature. Next day we went around in wire ropes transport and boats and returned by one o clock for lunch. We were relaxing on our bed.

I was shocked to see three call from Tripathi. I again found that Dadnekar had made two calls. I called Dad immediately.

He told that he was waiting for me to return. Transfer of fund from the company to Mr. Savarji is to be activated by both. Processing is suspended.

He asked me to see a video message from my what's app. It is a Delhi channel news. Mr. Savarji, the central minister suddenly resigned from the cabinet following the Enforcement directorate raid in his home and his 32 companies. Incriminating documents and various investments were seized by the CBI. Minister informed that he will be holding a press meet in the next day 11.00 a.m. Enforcement directorate is trying to track his various tax evasions in the past, including Rs.14 crores payment made to the Chartered accountants. "Dad, there was no reference of his remittance to Netherland, good. I will come in two hours."

While travelling again I saw a message from Radisson that a parcel of half metre by half, sender, Tripathi has reached. It is addressed to Dadnekar and Mukul. I called Dadnekar. He said he is not having any idea. He said it being delivered in his suit.

"I don't know, I have not told Tripathi to send any paper."

I called Tripathi, his line was switched off. It is early morning, office is not opened. Anu was keenly observing and she was almost in some kind of misery or deep thought. She had gone dead silence. Her face is showed sign of horror. Suddenly, she screamed.

"Stop the car on the side: Tell Dad not to open the parcel. Fast, stop him from tearing the cover."

Her eyes are red and she was shivering as though she saw a ghost. I slowed the vehicle to the side and found a bay. I called Dadnekar. Mobile rang up again.

"Yea, Mukul, wait I am opening." I shouted "No".

Suddenly a sound of blast shook me and my mobile slipped. The line cut off. I called the reception and asked what happened in suit No.432.? The receptionist responded that there is a fire alarm and the securities have rushed with fire equipment to the room. I looked at Anu. She was pale and

sinking. Her eyes were filled with brine. Again her premonitions!

Mobile activated. "Sir, we have a shocking news to you. Park your car on the side." I told them that I am in a parking bay near park mount- Berger King.

"Sir, a parcel bomb is activated by removal of compression lid: Just like land mine. The parcel was delivered by some unidentified person telling that he is from DFL couriers. We have his image and police team is now behind him."

I shouted, "What happened to my friend-that you tell?"

"He is killed in the blast, sir. It is a high intensive bomb sir. We are sorry. Don't drive in this condition. We arranged alternative vehicle. They noticed your vehicle parked near the Berger King. In one minute, Mr. Moses will show his ID and pick you up. He will take care of your luggage. I have posted his photo in your what's app"

A land Rover reached next to my vehicle and I moved along with Anu, who is yet to recover from the collapse.

"I will go and finish that bastard Tripathi." I was vowing to finish his whole family. After fifteen minutes she slowly recovered and opened her mouth.

"No, it was our boss. I am afraid he is also in danger or same fate."

"How do you say?"

"Mukul, it is clairvoyance. It is a para-psychology. My father used to speak about this mystic power. I do foresee the happening in far off locations, my brain shuts down when I try express or hasten to prevent them, much before. Again it will be failing, when I tried to investigate for myself or whenever I want to activate artificially to predict. I lost, Dad, my lovely brother by one second." Her tears uncontrollable.

Vice President of Tripati International Limited called.

“We are trying to contact you using Tripathi mobile. Mrs. Savarji , two minutes back told me to trace you. She told that you are in danger. Are you O.K. sir?”

“ Tell me what happened?”

“ Sir, Minister and Tripathi were heading to Raj Bhavan to submit his resignation and also arranged for press news. He finally, decided to expose the Home finance and other ministries for various acts of terror, fake information, snooping and financial irregularities. Yesterday, he came out of Home affairs, shouting and swearing in front of the journalists. What he planned or tried to expose were are not known to anyone.”

“O.K. tell me, what happened ?”

“Sir, 11.40 am. Minister’s vehicle was blocked by a crowd of hundred. Minister opened the glass to find out who are they. Suddenly, someone threw some powder. Simultaneously a hand bomb was hurled inside. Bomb blasted in two seconds. Both Savarji and Tripathiji were dead on the spot. The driver is in critical condition. They identified the culprit as he was throwing and running away from the car. But none was arrested. ”

After two minutes he spoke, “sir, it is a political assassination. You, Dadnekar and wife of Savarji are in the list. Are you both safe, sir?”

“No, a parcel bomb sent to me has killed Dadnekar in his suit. I escaped as I was out of Zurich. I will reach Delhi after I finish the formalities to move his corpse to India. Inform his family members at Rajouri and connect me to them. Please arrange for funeral. Now transfer two crores by RTGS to the family first. Keep it Confidential. Tell Tripathi family also. Mrs. Savarji be informed. All their assets, I will settle.”

I looked at Anu. Perhaps she had come to save me from the peril. Had she not come in my life, I would have shared the fate of Dadnekar. I turned to tell her. She calmly told, “No, I am not, your destiny is now blended to my life. So, death cannot seize you, without taking me along.” My heart sank a second. Is she divine?

The entrance of the hotel was crowded with reporters. We ran inside the hotel and rushed to the room along with policemen running behind. They had covered him. Even face was not visible. Forensic investigation was going on. Questioning lasted upto mid night. They promised to release the body by noon and arrange for air lifting the same to India. The chief told me that we shall co-operate in the investigation. We took out our passport and handed over to him. After two minutes, he took the copies and handed over to us.

“Sir, we will stay here in this hotel, till your investigation is completed. We have lost our most beloved partner. He is our business brain. We want to know, why, who planted this bomb and killed him. Criminals intended to finish Mukul too. He escaped.” Anu spoke.

“Yes, madam, We will track him down to-morrow. Come to our office by 03.00 pm.”

By 11.00 am the dead body of Dad was kept in coffin and air shipped to Delhi. The Indian news channels were flashing the news that we two were held by Switzerland police for murder crime. We instructed the general manager not to counter. We talked to the parents of Dadnekar and told the whole episode.

The mystery is, who sent the parcel in the name of Tripathi? Why they targeted us? I was miserably broken down. I sat in the couch and it is recycling in my brain, why we were chosen? Anu was sitting beside, trying to calm me down. She knows, what Dadnekar is to me.

At dead of night, I saw her sitting near the window and gazing at the blue sky. Slowly there was a fall of snow flax. Suddenly, her face changed and she was little bit louder in that silent night.

“Mukul, yes, Connect the sentences spoken by Savarji and Tripathi with you. Minister is now in a dangerous open political war with his own cabinet. He wanted to get the money transferred for some important payment from Swiss account. Correct? Whom he promised to pay and what for data, snoop, spying?”

I started sweating in the cold environment. "Anu, you mean that we are in a very large fabric of political conflict? This money is contract fee for some foreign data or spying agency?"

She nodded her head. Tripathi, while in airport, told to both us to study the functions of Cambridge Analytica, Black Cubes of Israel-British spying agency, Fairfax, which once spied on Bofor deal. So, Savarji wanted to service some agencies engaged in spying in international arms deal. Something gone wrong. We were recruited as co-conspirators.

The Indian consulate orally informed that we are needed in India for their investigation. That night, some unknown number call came from India.

Mrs. Savarji, "Mukul, you will meet the same fate of Savaji, once you reach Delhi. Do vanish. Messages any, text that to this number."

Swiss police chief heard our version and sent a note that till the culprits are identified, I may be retained for investigation. The Indian press on its own depicted us prime culprit. Anu's history was printed in a shabby language. Police chief told us that diplomatic pressure rising up. They traced the murderer. A tall Indian, name Blavan, flew from India, delivered the parcel in the hotel and left by next flight to Bahama. We were not able to identify him from his photos. His passport and other IDs were taken by Indian consulate. We collected a copy. Who engaged him is not known? Swiss police told that they found no evidence against us. So arrest and handing us over to Indian consulate was refused. We thanked him and came out.

We vacated our hotel, left our phones in the hotel attic, where the cleaners go once in a month. Google tracking will show, till traced, that we are still hotel. We moved to airport. There, we hired a rent car and drove to Italy. The car reached Bern. We took a train to Milan and then to Florence.

She is happy that he is turning to normal mood. Both of them flew to Malta Island in private jet. First time they saw an Indian family. Rohit Malhotra waited for them in the small air strip and took home. Anu asked me, who are they? Rohit smilingly

responded, "Earlier fugitive smuggled by Mukul to escape arrest by Indian government. We are here for the past seven years maintaining Mukul's plantations and shipyard."

"Mukul, your cottage is ready, relax."

We are in an island called earthly paradise by the Europeans. Thousands of schooners, ships, cruise yachts and floating houses. Millions of holiday revellers.

"Are we fugitive, or tourist or refugee or revellers-what?" She was lying cosily on the couch.

"Again to our home. We are going to run our business empire from here for some days. All your questions will be answered to-morrow. To night, turn this island an earthly heaven." He leaned on her holding her slim hip.

They hacked the paradise gate and to-morrow will wait for them to come back.....

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